

COBRA

The Psycho Gun Vol. 1

THE SPACE PIRATE

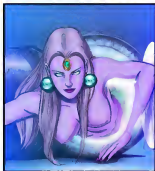


BUICHI TERASAWA

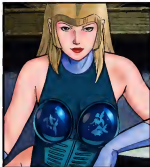
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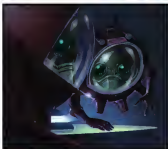






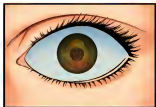






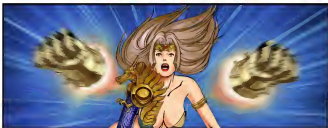




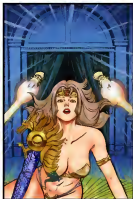




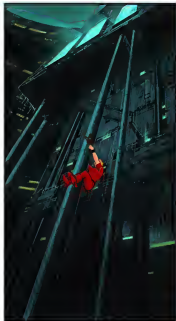




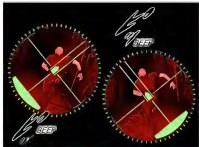


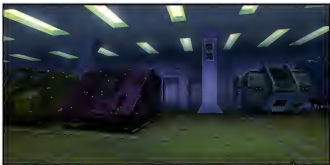














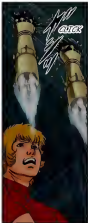


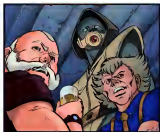
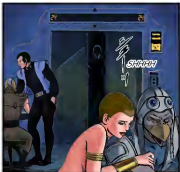














Yeah...
That's his
Psychogun.

Did you
see that?
The gun
on his left
arm...!



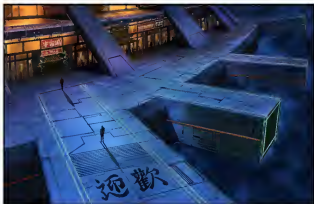
Cobra,
the pirate...



He changed
his ap-
pearance...



Man...
He's still
alive...





...but now,
they've raised
the bounty
to three million
dollars.

But at that rate,
no one was willing
to risk their
life to get you...



That's useful
to know...
how much do
I owe you for
this
information?



That's
the price the
"Pirate Guild"
placed on
your head.

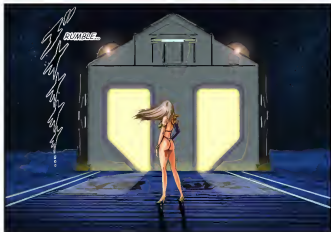
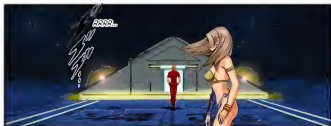


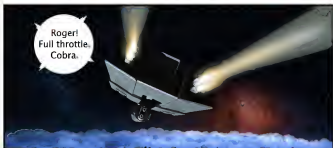
This one's
my treat.



I'll stop
them.

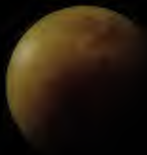
Bounty hunters
from across
the galaxy are
coming for you...!
You can't
stop them!





Mars

火星









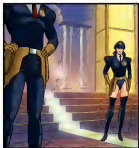
地球
ニューヨーク

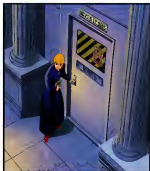
New York,
Earth

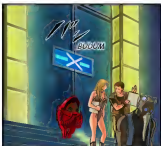




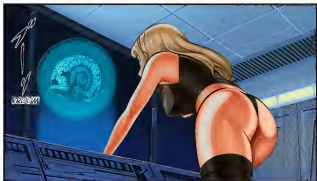


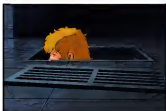




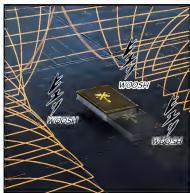


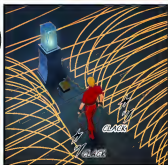


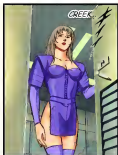


















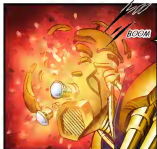








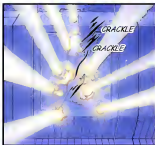














Ho ho...
so you know
my name...



You're
the Gypsy
Dog!



Y...
you...



Well, it's
understand-
able.
I am pretty
famous...



I've been
looking for you...
Doctor
Utopia More,
if I'm not
mistaken.



MARS
UTOPIA MORE



So, this
must be
the research
facility for
Fossil
Mollusks...

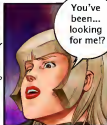
Why don't you
pick up your
data on Fossil
Mollusks and
come with us?



GRASP



You've
been...
looking
for me!?



GRASP

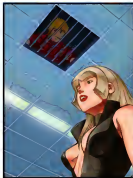


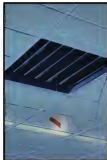
GRASP

CLACK



BLIP





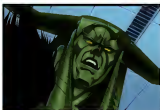
This way.
Come on,
doc.

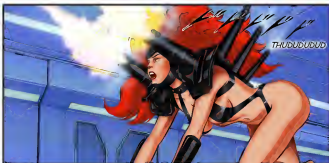


Why,
Santa Claus,
of course.

Who
are you?













Isn't there
an air car
somewhere?



The building
is swarming
with pirates!
There's nowhere
to run!



There's
a helicopter
on the roof.

The
elevator is
the only way
to get to
the basement
parking lot...

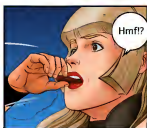




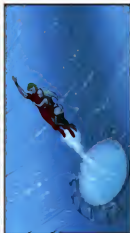
Where does it lead to?

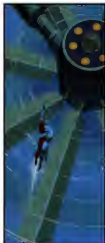


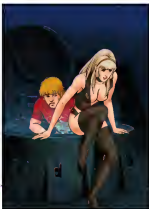


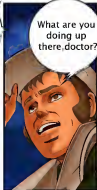




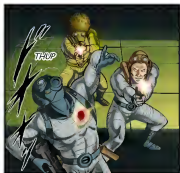


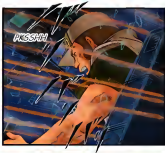




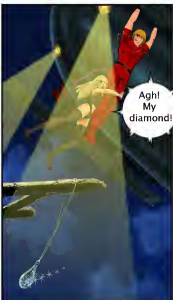












I like to think of myself as an art collector.

You're a thief.

Oh, man.

Get your hands off me!
I won't be saved by a thief!

Martin...

Stay away from the building, Martin!
This is...

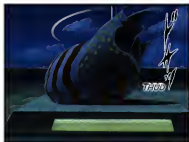


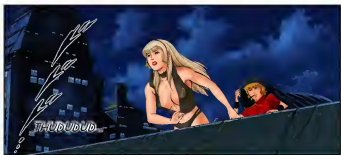


Woaaah!

Ahhhh!



















The latest reports have confirmed that there are at least 82 dead and 78 injured in the aftermath of this disaster.

We will be covering last night's attack at the Mars Ancient Art Museum in New York.



The whereabouts of the "Fossil Mollusk" specimen, which was taken from the museum during the incident, is still unknown.



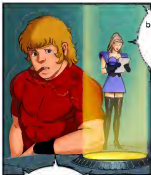
The building has sustained over 70 million dollars worth of damages.



What are you talking about?



I don't get it.



They are believed to be from the Pirate Guild, a crime syndicate which is active universe-wide.

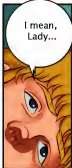
Witnesses at the scene claim that they had spotted those responsible for the raid.



...the Galaxy Patrol Headquarters has reported that yesterday's incident has led them to begin conducting an investigation spanning the entire solar system.



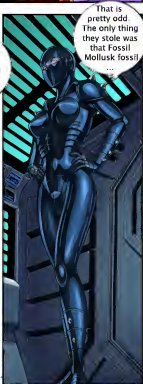
Although the Pirate Guild has been responsible for numerous other acts of terror and pillaging in the past...



I mean, Lady...

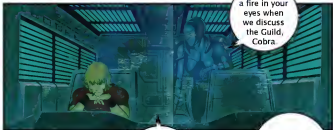


Now on to today's sports.





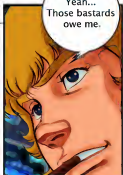
Doctor Utopia...
I think that's what
that girl was called...
We might learn
something if we get
in touch with her...



There's
a fire in your
eyes when
we discuss
the Guild,
Cobra



I'm going
to make
them pay,
no matter
what.



Yeah...
Those bastards
owe me.

火星

Mars



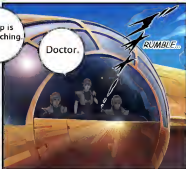
雲海上

Above
the Sea
of Clouds





A ship is approaching.



Doctor.



I'm
an investigator
for the Animal
Welfare
Organization.



Who's
ship...!?



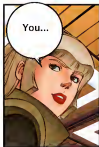
As a consequence,
I'm requesting
permission
to embark your ship
in order to conduct
an investigation.

We've received
a report that you
have been involved
in the unethical
capture of animals
here on Mars.











We're
120 million
kilometers
from Earth,
and yet you...



Well, I thought
I felt a connection
between us
when we met.
Been thinkin' about
you ever since.

How may
I help you,
thief?



Love knows
no distance.



We're
very close.
It's right
under us!

Okay!
Let's
get going!
Start
preparing!



I've
found it,
doctor!



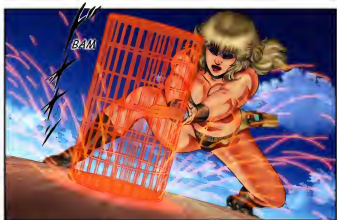
Bring it up
on the
monitor!

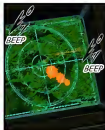


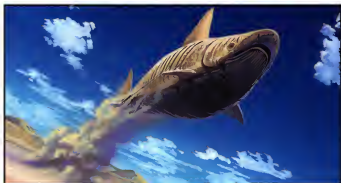
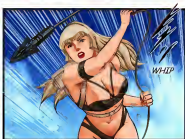


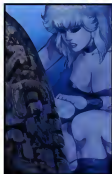
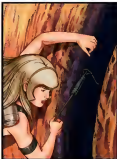






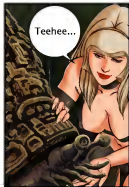












Teehee...



During our last research trip, we found that these "Fossil Mollusks" live inside sand whales as parasites.



It's a shellfish.



So... why is the Guild so interested in this abomination of a snail?



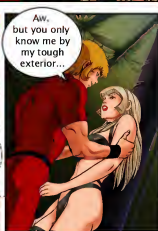
I'll take you home when we finish our research, okay?



This is government classified research. I can't tell you.



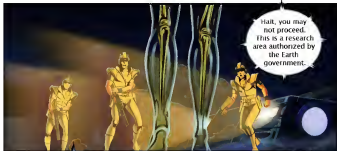
Fine, this shellfish.





Hey, look.
They say
ghosts appear
in this desert.











Oh, that.
So that's what
made the sand
whale break out
from the ground.



What's
this...?



It shoots sound
waves into
the ground,
causing a small
earthquake. You saw
it work earlier
today!

Don't
touch it.
It's a sound
wave bomber.





You press the button on the heel. But don't, it's dangerous.



How do you fire this thing?



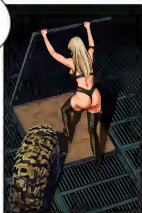
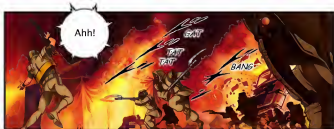
Looks like I did hit someone.

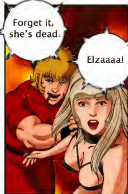


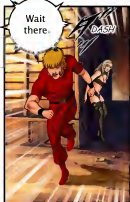
What are you doing!? What if it hit someone outside!?

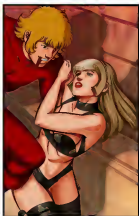
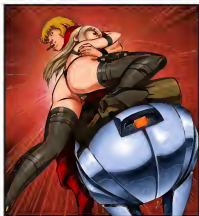
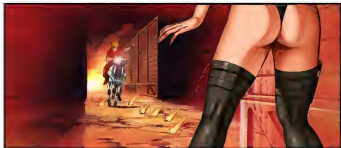


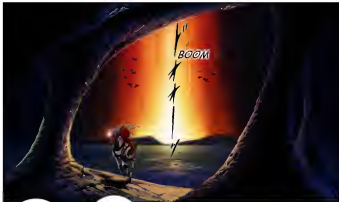












'Fraid so.

Everyone's dead...!?



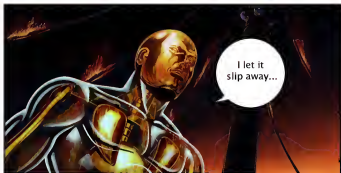
The Pirate Guild...!



Hit men from the Pirate Guild. They're a brutal bunch.

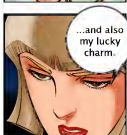


Who were they?





This is
computer
data...



...and also
my lucky
charm.



What is
that thing
you hold
so dearly?





The patterns
engraved
in the Mollusks'
shells...



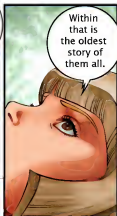
Hey... Cobra.
I want to tell
you about
the Fossil
Mollusks.

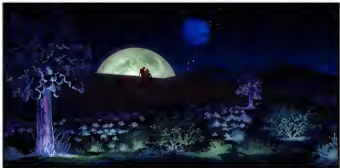
...those are
ancient
Martian
text.



The
Fossil Mollusks
have been alive
for three billion years...
the history
of the universe is
written in their
shells...

As if keep
a journal,
they engrave all
that into
their own
bodies...



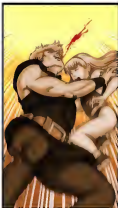


It was our
dream to learn
the secrets of
the universe...

My father
also
researched
Fossil
Mollusks
here.



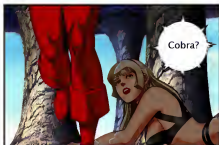
But...
our village
was attacked,
and...

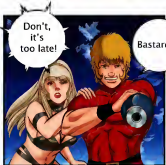












Don't,
it's
too late!

Bastard...!

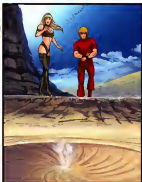


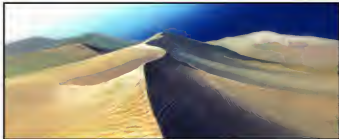
That
was freaky.
They only
eat metal,
huh?

it's
a Metaleater!
They don't prey
on humans,
they only
like metal.



So...
where can
we catch
a taxi?





So this Count guy...
can we
trust him?

Yes,
it's somewhere
around here.
This is the Count's
territory.
The castle should
be close.



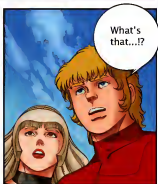
You sure
we're going
the right
way?



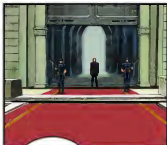
I hope
so...!

Of course.
He's the only
person on
this planet fighting
the Gypsy Dog.
He's something
of a celebrity.

I'm sure
he'll lend us
a hand.





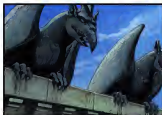
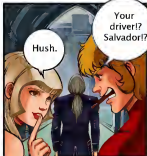


Doctor More,
I've heard
of your great
achievements.



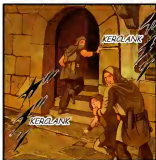
My name is
Utopia
More.

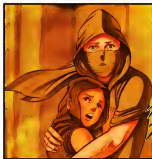
Count
Cliff Bould,
correct?













Those guns
were fired
recently.



What
do you
mean?



They
smelled
like
gunpowder
smoke...

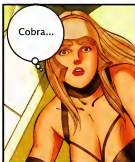


Hey!



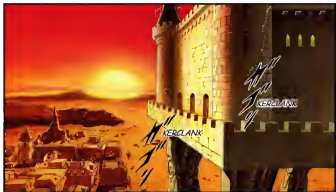
I'm going
to go check
that
guy out.

You're not
saying yester-
day's
attack was the
Count's doing,
are you?



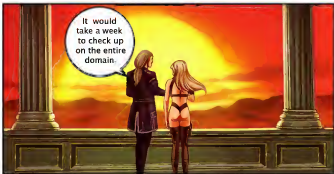
Cobra...

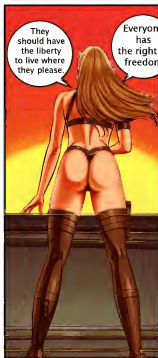












They should have the liberty to live where they please.

Everyone has the right to freedom.



But... why does everyone choose to stay in this barren land? They should move to somewhere more arable...



How could you...!?

I don't allow them to...



It costs too much for them.



Freedom is for the rich.



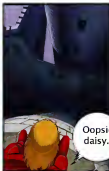
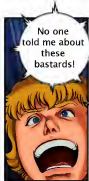
Hmm?
What rumors?

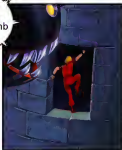


It seems the rumors were false, Count.

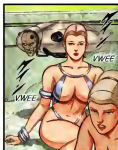


That noblemen all drink wine.









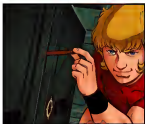


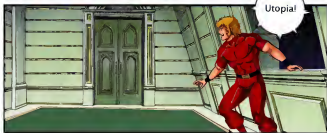
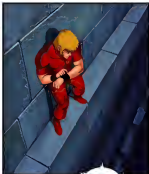


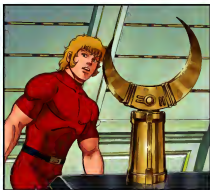


It's the guys who attacked the tents...





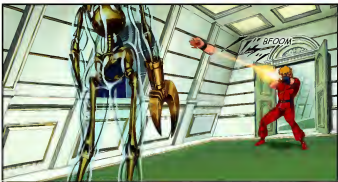






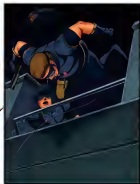
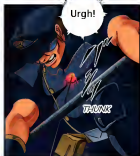
Don't you remember?
The Psychogun won't work on me.











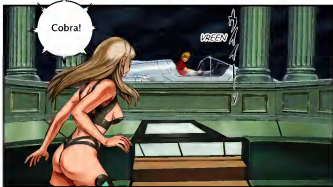
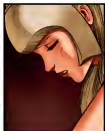


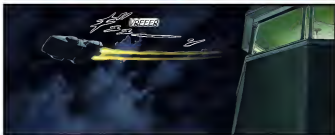
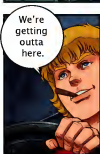
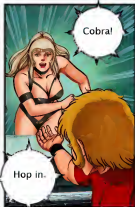
I'll go check downstairs, please stay here.

No need to worry, it must be some sort of small accident.

What was that, an earthquake?











I don't
believe it!
He's a noble.

The Count is
a member
of the Guild.
His storage room
was stuffed
with drugs.

The Guild's
top hit man. He's
a beast whose
whole body is
made from
special crystal.

Crystal
Bowie?

And on top
of learning that
the Guild employs
people from a variety
of backgrounds, I got
to see my old friend
Crystal Bowie
again.



Wh...
what
was that?







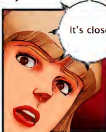






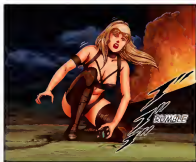


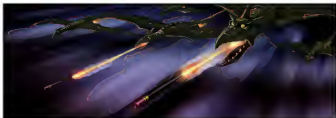
What is?



It's close.

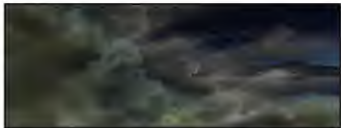
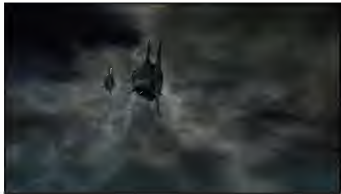












COBRA: The Psychogun Vol.1

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